



ON THE  
A B U S E  
OF  
P O E T R Y, &c.

*Corrected & says here Criticism for  
For with the precept to H. E.*



[ Price One Shilling. ]

# THE M O

2 U B A

TO

Y R T E O P

THE OLD BRIDGE



ON THE

11630. b. 3  
8

A B U S E

OF

P O E T R Y.

A

S A T I R E.

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*To the Honourable Richard Savage Naffau, Esq;*

*K*

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*By N. Weeks a foolish Barbadian*

L O N D O N :

Printed for RICHARD MANBY on *Ludgate-Hill.*

ON THE

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S A T I R E

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To the Honourable Richard Savage Nassau, Esq;

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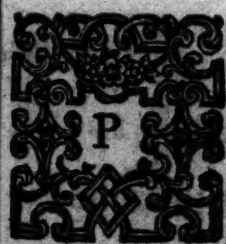
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Such monstrous Things my Nature dare expose,  
The Poet, Wit, and Critic life her Foes.  
Kiss'd to punish where the Fault is just,  
To where the ought, and pity where the must;  
To mend the Toss of this degenerate Age,  
And the Mass of Scoundrels in her Rage  
Dauntless proceed—Ye Foes to Sense draw near,  
And you, her Friends, lend your impartial Ear.  
P O E T R Y,  
A S A T I R E.



PROVOK'D with Poetry, I daily see,  
Of Method, Nature, Truth, and Manners free,  
Where little Sense is thro' whole Pages spun,  
And the dull Verse in duller Numbers run;

Where glaring *Ignorance*, with *Pride* combin'd,  
 Betray the *Weakness* of each *Author's* Mind;  
 Such monstrous *Things* my *Satire* dare expose, — *pro daret*  
 Tho' *Poets*, *Wits*, and *Critics* rise her Foes.

Resolv'd to punish where the *Fault* is just,  
 Praise where she ought, and pity where she must; *oblig'd to do*  
 To mend the *Taste* of this degen'rate Age,  
 And on the *Mob* of *Scribblers* point her Rage:  
 Dauntless proceed—Ye Foes to Sense draw near,  
 And you, her Friends, lend your impartial Ear.

Let *Fools* for *Lucre* sound the tuneful String;  
 'Tis all for *Glory* and for *Fame* I sing;  
 Fond of the *Art*, I will protect its Cause,  
 Maintain its *Virtues*, and defend its *Laws*;  
 Scourge the vain Foes who shall its *Ends* prophane,  
 And save it from *Destruction* and *Disdain*.

All grant true *Poetry's* an *Art* divine,  
 And blest is he who in that *Art* can shine;  
 To soar above the *Height* of vulgar *Fame*,  
 And be rewarded with a *Poet's* Name!



But few there are who labour to excell;  
 All modern *Poetry* this *Truth* can tell.  
 The Lust of *Lucre* fills the Place of Praise,  
 And *Crowns* of *Gold* exceed all *Crowns* of *Bays*.

*After Crown* \*

Of all God's *Creatures*, sure vain *Man* alone  
 Is to himself the least, and flightest known;  
 Proud of his *Parts*, and mighty with *Conceit*,  
 Mistakes his *Talents* thro' a vain *Deceit*;  
 Prompted by *Weakness*, or inspir'd by *Fame*,  
 He grasps at *Glory*, but embraces *Shame*.  
 To prove this *Truth* needs no great *Art* of *Wit*;

Read thou the *Poems* that are daily writ.  
 See *Men* that might in other *Arts* have shin'd,  
 Grow *Fools* in *Verses*, and hateful to *Mankind*;  
 To be ridiculous they labour hard,  
 And in *Despight* of *Heav'n* abuse the *Bard*.  
 Their *Verses* prove how they mistake their *Parts*,  
 Design'd by *Nature* for inferior *Arts*.  
 What *Satire* can on these be too severe?  
 They aim at *Wit*, when *Folly* is their *Sphere*.

No *Creature* quits its *Element* but *Man*,  
At all he grasps within his narrow *Span*.

Among the *Pieces* publish'd in these *Days*,  
There's not a *Poem* we can truly praise;  
In few the *Sparks* of *Genius* can be found,  
And fewer still with *Taste* or *Wit* abound;  
But *dull*, *insipid*, *nerveless*, and *obscene*,  
With *Language* wretched, *wile*, *impure*, and *mean*,  
Can I such horrid *Trash* with *Patience* read,  
Nor pour my *Fury* at each *Scribbler's* *Head*?

- " But why thus anxious to correct the *Age*?  
" Thy *Satire* will be vain, as is thy *Rage*.  
" Did they regard the mighty *Pen* of *Pope*?  
" And if he fail'd, can you *Success* e'er hope?  
" Cease, cease, my *Friend*! the endless *Task* give o'er;  
" Such *Scribblers* make true *Poets* shine the more;  
" Like *Stars* that twinkle from their distant *Spheres*,  
" But lose their *Glory* when the *Sun* appears.



Thy Caution, NASSAU, I confess, is wise;  
 But must I privately such *Works* despise?  
 When *Taste* and *Wit* are seen no more to *Time*,  
 And *Truth* is banish'd from each *Breast* but *THINE*,  
 When *Sense* and *Virtue* fail to meet *Applause*,  
 Can I be dumb, and not assert their *Cause*?  
 Where is the *Danger* to expose such *Men*?  
 Their only *Weapon* is a trifling *Pen*:  
 Let them, alas! employ that *Weapon* well,  
 I'll sing their *Praises*, and their *Virtues* tell;  
 But while 'tis us'd to mangle *Sense* in *Rhime*,  
 To torture *Patience*, and to murder *Time*,  
 Is not my *Satire* just? Can I offend?  
 The *Good*, the *Wise*, and *Gen'rous* will commend.

Forbear, rash *Men*! some other *Art* abuse;  
*Poetry* is sacred, so is the *Muse*:  
 Think not a *Verse*, tho' logically wrought,  
 Can make you *Poets*, or be *Poets* thought;  
 Tho' great your *Learning*, and your *Theme* divine,  
 'Tis *Taste*, ye *Vain*! must make the *Poet* shine.

No little *Rhimer* in these modern Days,  
 thinks his *Nothings* claim immortal *Praise*;  
 his melodious *Trifles* sweet pour forth,  
 and wonder in himself at their vast *Worth*!  
 in Description he can make a *Rhime*,  
 he calls his *Genius* great, his *Wit* sublime!  
 for puzzling Thoughts he studies to surprise,  
 and vainly dreams the *World* believes him wise:  
 hard Dictionary-Words shall next advance,  
 to cheat the Fool, and hide his Ignorance;  
 pleas'd with his self-conceited Parts, he vows  
*arnassian* Laurels should adorn his *Brows*;  
 condemns the Public for his slighted *Fame*,  
 When all his Works his Merits loud proclaim.

Many are these, in Verse, who court *Renown*,  
 But prove the Jest and Scandal of the Town.  
 blind to their Faults, and partial to their *Rhimes*,  
 They boast of Beauties, and reproach the *Times*;  
 Shall dare to call great *Chesterfield* an *Ass*,  
 in letting such bright *Talents* heedless pass.



Think'st thou he'll *patronize* your *Verses* mean?

The Star must shine, thou Fool! that wou'd be seen.

The Man who labours for a deathless Praise,  
By flowing Numbers and poetic Lays,  
Must first a just and proper *Taste* attain;  
For without *Taste* your *Poetry* is vain.

What *Author* can expect in *Verses* to shine,  
Who feels no Raptures at a Golden Line?  
Dull and laborious he spins out his Thoughts,  
Alike insensible to Praise or Faults!  
If *Concord*, *Rhime*, or *Numbers* he can write,  
The rest he judges good, and must delight;  
From all true *Taste* your half-wit *Poet* flies,  
As Light's avoided by distemper'd Eyes.

Words obsolete and rude some shall revive;  
For *Spencer's* *Taste* industriously they strive:  
Whole *Poems* in his *Stile* are daily writ,  
Where antique *Truths* are taught in modern *Wit*.

And none every member of Judgment prove each Line.

With uncouth Numbers ill adapt these Times;  
 If Taste is too refin'd to like such Rhimes,  
 They were esteem'd, I grant, in *Spencer's* Days,  
 And justly claim from us immortal Praise;  
 But now *old* Words to use give just Offence;  
 For they corrupt our *Language, Taste, and Sense*;  
 For without Taste your Poetry is vain.

Some too must imitate great *Milton's* Stile,  
 Who' weak their *Genius*, and tho' vain their *Toil*;  
 At his sublime and lofty *Sense* they aim,  
 Creep when he soars, and sink involv'd with *Shame*.  
 \*\*\* how heavy, flat, and dull;  
 Your mimic *Poet* is a trifling *Fool*.  
 If you must write, and have a *Knack to rhyme*,  
 Embrace some *Subject* worthy of your *Time*;  
 Your *Genius, Strength, and Taste* examine well,  
 And on what *Theme* your *Wit* can most excel:  
 That Task perform'd, proceed with *Caution* on,  
 For much is to be lost, and little won;  
 Let *Nature* dictate, and let *Taste* refine,  
 And by the *Test* of *Judgment* prove each *Line*.



Be *easy, delicate, concise, and plain,*  
 Tho' free, sublime; tho' learned, yet not vain;  
 Your Words well plac'd, and with right Judgment chose,  
 Are certain *Rules* which true *sublime* compose.

There are, who, thro' a vain *Poetic Rage,*  
 With *Rant* and *Fustian* swell their frantic *Page*;  
 Whose *Thoughts* are Riddles, and whose *Sense* is Sound;  
*Truth* they obscure, and *Nature* they confound.  
 Such lofty Nothings, *NASSAU*, you despise  
 'Tis pompous Ignorance to judging  
 Make all thy Language to thy *S*  
 For what's most natural is most  
 A clear *Idea*, perfectly expre  
 To bear the strongest Mark  
 Whose *Sense*, when seen, n  
 And most expressive in th  
 Be not too diffident, nor y  
 Read and correct, correct  
 Adhere to *Precepts* that  
 And get each *Rule* of

Let all you publish be compleatly writ,  
 To shine a very Master-piece of Wit.  
 These *Rules* preserv'd, and by the *Muse* inspir'd,  
 Thy *Works* can never fail to be admir'd;  
 A *Poet's* Name is not with Ease attain'd,  
 By Pains and Labour *Glory* must be gain'd,

Out from your *Work* each trifling *Error* strike,  
 The smallest *Faults* are apt to raise *Dislike*;  
 Well-wrought *Pieces* give the noblest Joys,  
 Or cloys.

*Poets* to shine?

And each *Line*.

As we find

Mind!

Others writ,

with solid Wit:

Secure;

pure:

Virtue shines,

nes.



Do'st thou a Poet's deathless Name desire?  
 For Wisdom, Glory, and for Fame aspire?  
 Make *Pope* thy *Guide*, thy *Teacher*, and thy *Plan*;  
 I like the *Poet*, but I hate the *Man*.

In ADDISON's instructive *Page* we find  
 The purest Elegance to Learning join'd;  
 Who taught with Judgment, and with Spirit writ;  
 Whose Sense was Nature, and whose Talent Wit:  
 Chaste in Expression, in Ideas clear;  
 Tho' modest, bold; tho' tender, yet severe:  
 Whose *Precepts* artfully attract our *Youth*,  
 And steal them into Virtue, Sense, and Truth.

Accept, O sacred *Shade*! accept this Praise,  
 From *one* who honours and adores thy *Lays*.  
 To thee alone I consecrate my Time,  
 Explore new Truths, and study *Arts* sublime:  
 Fair *Virtue* still bemoans her *Patron* dead,  
 Yet she shall flourish while thy *Works* are read.

For Humour justly **SWIFT** may claim the Bays,  
 And be rewarded with eternal Praise;  
 His Wit is poignant, copious, and severe,  
 His Language nervous, masterly, and clear:  
 But who can like his *Satire* or his *Pride*?  
 He bares those *Faults* which Nature bids to hide:  
 With gross *Ideas* he degrades each Thought;  
 The Want of Decency is his great Fault:  
 Nor shall immortal **YOUNG** neglected lie,  
 While I can sing, his Praise shall never die:  
 Harmonious Bard! to Virtue ever dear;  
 Sublime in Wisdom, and to Truth severe!  
 To what Perfection are his *Poems* wrought!  
 What Strength of Style! What Energy of Thought!  
 Who reads his *Satires* on the *Love of Fame*,  
 But feels the Raptures of his sacred Flame?  
 So just to Life each *Character* is drawn,  
 We see our *Pictures*, and our *Failures* own:  
 At Folly and at Vice he points the Dart,  
 While *Truth* and *Manners* guide it to the Heart:



*Mercy* with all his *Strokes* for ever fall,  
 And *Pity* beams a *Glory* round them all ;  
 Nor *Scorn*, nor *Hate*, nor *Pride* disgrace his *Lines*,  
 But pure *Good-nature* thro' the *Sat'rist* shines.

Some laugh at *Vice* ; a *Satire*, in my Mind,  
 (With all Submission) dang'rous in its Kind :  
 On *Fools* or *Knaves* alike such *Satire's* lost,  
 They're pleas'd to make you smile, tho' at their Cost :  
 All *Satire* ever shou'd adapt the *Deed*,  
 Your *Wit* then takes Effect, and you succeed :  
 To laugh is to encourage, not destroy,  
 They see your Mirth, and judge they give you Joy :  
 Your monstrous *Crimes* for boldest *Satires* call,  
 Arm'd with sharp *Wit*, and mix'd with bitt'rest Gall ;  
 At *Foibles* sneer, at *Vice* severely frown ;  
 The *Fool* reproach, but knock the *Villain* down :  
 Bare deep his *Crimes*, dissect him till he bleeds ;  
 Probe to the Quick, and shew his foulest *Deeds*.

All modern *Satire* to *Abuse* is grown,  
 Condemning *Men* with *Vices* not their own ;

Who think the Business of their *Theme's* to bite,  
 And maul Mankind thro' Madness or thro' Spite;  
 On *Good* or *Bad*, to them 'tis all the same;  
 For, *Sportsmen* like, whate'er they meet is Game:  
 The *Fool*, the *Wise*, the *Virtuous*, and the *Knave*,  
 The *Villain* shameless, and the *Hero* brave,  
 Meet the same Fate; nor *Sex*, nor *Age* they spare,  
 But all alike their Frowns and Censures share.  
 For base Reward, some brand an honest Fame  
 With deepest Crimes of Guilt, and blackest Shame.  
 Curst be the *Wretch* who prostitutes his Pen,  
 To blast the *Characters* of virtuous Men;  
 May such be doom'd to endless Care and Pain,  
 And, like their base *Rewards*, meet Disdain.

There are who in a *Title* place their Wit,  
 Who reads are balk'd, who purchases are bit;  
 The *Cheat* will shine in Spite of the Disguise;  
*Fools* may with such be caught, but not the *Wise*:  
 Pleas'd with the Fraud, they hold it no Offence,  
 And plainly prove they wanted but your Pence.

*False English*



How *Pastorals*, tho' vain, still glut the Town;  
 The very best are far beneath thy Frown;  
 All what they say amounts to just no more  
 Than what ten Thousand Thousand said before:  
 Condemn'd, and justly, to the Grocer's Hands,  
 To be transported into foreign Lands.

Who can but smile to hear their *Nymphs* complain,  
 And *Shepherds* singing of Despair and Pain!  
 One tells his Friend the Suff'rings of his Heart  
 Arose from Beauty, and from *Cupid's* Dart; *not English*  
 But the Fair *Wanton* treats him with Disdain,  
 And 'tis his Fate to love, but love in vain.  
 Another, in as wretched *Verse*, declares  
 What griping Pangs of Jealousy he bears!  
 Now proves his *Mistress* perjur'd in her Love,  
 And now more faithful than the truest *Dove*;  
 Describes his Nature rash, suspicious, mad;  
 And all is pitiful, and all is sad! *very sad and very pitiful*

Two *Shepherds* next are introduc'd to sing,  
 One likes the *Summer* best, and one the *Spring*;  
 Both matchless in the *Art* of *piping* well,  
 A Prize is stak'd for him who shall excell:  
 A *Third* is call'd the *Wager* to decide,  
 Now *Eloquence* is heard in all its *Pride*;  
*Descriptions, Riddles, Puns, and Similies,*  
 In wild *Confusion* and *Disorder* rise!  
 While the vain *Author* thinks he greatly shines,  
 And in alternate *Verse* applauds his *Lines*.

Defend us, **PHOEBUS!** from each trifling *Bard*;  
 Thy fav'rite *Land* with *Wisdom* still reward!  
 Aid thou her Sons who for *Protection* call,  
 Make them write better, or not write at all.

All *Poetry* in *Truth* is now abus'd,  
 For vilest *Ends* the sacred *Art* is us'd!  
 Few write with *Judgment*, and as few with *Sense*;  
 Where *One* can please, a *Hundred* give *Offence*.



“ Point out the Men; Thy *Satire* strikes at *All*.  
The List now follows; mark Them as They fall.

See \* \* \* who in Ink will dabble still,  
And says a Nation's Fate demands his Quill!  
Fond of his *Trash* he styles himself the *Wise*;  
Some few affirm, but Numbers more despise.  
No nervous Lines his languid Diction Grace,  
Far-fetch'd Conceits rise up in ev'ry Place,  
No Wit to charm, no soothing Numbers roll,  
Nor Thoughts sublime to touch the rapt'rous Soul.

With what *Obscurity* does *Puzzle* write!  
He labours to perplex us, not delight;  
So hard to find his Meaning out, you'd swear  
Nor Sense nor Reason, Wit nor Nature there;  
In Pompous Words, his *Truths*, with *Art* are wrought,  
But lost in Riddles and the Maze of Thought!  
I hate the Work that is not clear and plain,  
And deem the *Author* Ignorant, or Vain.

*Pedantas* with *Quotations* fills his Page,  
Provoking justly an indignant Rage.  
No *Language* spoke in *Europe* but he quotes,  
And all the *Work* is cramm'd with idle Notes.  
Whoever reads are sure to be perplex'd  
With countless *References* intermix'd;  
When such *Pedantic Pieces* meet my Eyes,  
I loath the *Purport*, and the Man despise.  
It speaks as if the *Author* ment to shew  
His mighty *Reading*, and his *Learning* too!  
*Quotations* needless are but idle Arts,  
To make the *Vulgar* wonder at their *Parts*.

With Nurtur'd Rules, *PROLIXUS*, charms the Age,  
And senseless *Precepts* croud his lengthen'd Page.  
Who can with Patience, tho' a *Dunce* of Prose,  
Read the long Lines of his long Thoughts ill-chose;  
How old his *Stile*! How poor the *Whole* is writ!  
A *Heap* of *Words* without one Grain of *Wit*.

*Pound*

ORLANDO has some Wit, but not refin'd;  
And wants sound Judgment to improve his Mind:



He seems to labour, not to write with Ease,  
And such Performances can never please.

Wit, is a dang'rous Tool to play withal,  
If Judgment does not guide, you surely fall;  
It will at best your Weakness much expose,  
And leave you naked to the scourge of Foes.  
Ye rash conceited Wits believe this Rule;  
A Fool in Print will ever shine a Fool.

Your Fancy may beyond your Judgment soar,  
And strike out Beauties that were ne'er before,  
But that, *Orlando*, seldom comes to pass;  
You rise a *Monster*, and conclude an *Ass*.

How pleas'd is SCAURUS when he writes a *Song*!  
His *Numbers* hobbling, and his *Judgment* wrong;  
Yet in his Eye, he cries, 'tis very fine!  
And vows no Poetry is so Divine.  
His *Learning*'s little, and in *Genius* dull,  
A Rhyming *Blockhead*, and Poetic *Fool*.

With too much *Foppery* to make a *Wit*,  
 And *Pride* disdaining never to submit.  
 Swell'd with *Conceit* to that enormous Size,  
 He deems himself the *Wiseſt* of the *Wiſe*.

*Conceit* is *Error's* Parent got by *Pride*,  
 Nurs'd up in *Flatt'ry*, and to *Vice* ally'd,  
 A *Bar* to Wiſdom, and to Truth a *Foe*,  
 (Who boaſt to know all Things, yet nothing *Know*)  
 An *Object* hated, and a *Being* curſt,  
 For *Fools* conceited are of *Fools* the worſt.

Shall *Britain* be reproach'd in after Times,  
 For wretched *Authors*, and as wretched *Rhymes*,  
 When ſhe has flouriſh'd in ſublimeſt *Arts*?  
 Becauſe theſe *Scribblers* will expoſe their *Parts*?  
 Firſt periſh *All*. On them deſcend the Shame;  
 Nor blaſt the Honours of her ſacred Fame.

In *England* let ſome *Bard*, ye *Pow'rs*! ariſe,  
 Sublime as *Plato*, and like *Homer*, wiſe;



To fire Mankind with *Actions* truly brave,  
 Revive lost *Arts*, and sinking *Virtue* save,  
 Make *Science* flourish, banish'd *Truth* restore,  
 Sing like the *Swan*, and like the *Eagle*, soar;  
 Let deathless *Pæans* hail the happy *Bard*,  
 And *Immortality* be his Reward.

Others, there are, who shall for Critics pass,  
 Proclaim this Man a *Fool*, and that an *Ass*,  
 Shall ev'ry *Work* without a Reason damn,  
 Because they know perhaps, or hate the Man.

I from my Soul do hate when Fools pretend  
 To censure Things, which they can never mend;  
 But with an *Air*, and to be reckon'd Wise,  
 Will hum Applause, or artless Criticise.  
 What Raptures when a little *Fault* is found!  
 No *Miser* values more a Thousand Pound.  
 The *Whole* without Exception then is damn'd,  
 By *All* discarded, and by *All* confirm'd.

Sometimes an *Error* they pretend to find,  
 When to their Shame the *Error's* in their Mind,  
 Nothing, tho' *Perfect*, can escape their Rage,  
 This Thought is wrong, and that suits not the Age,  
 It has no Similies, or void of Rule;  
 Your little *Critic* is a MIGHTY FOOL.

I love the Man who will my Errors show;  
 How can I mend unless my Faults I know?  
 Let Fools be anger'd at a *Judge* sincere,  
 My Task is to submit, and to revere.  
 The Man of Sense, when wrong, will set me right;  
 My Friend may flatter, knowing 'tis polite.  
 But thank my Stars! I have the Wit to know  
 If I deserve the Praise, which they bestow;  
 Can see the Arts vile *Flatterers* may use,  
 For *Flattery's* to me a gross *Abuse*.

An Honest *Praise* all worthy Men desire,  
*Praise* spurs us on, and sets our Souls on Fire;



It gives an Edge to all the *Heroe's* Toils,  
 Who bleeds with Pride to crush his Country's Broils;  
 It sooths the *Tyrant*, and it fires the *Bard*,  
 It is of all good *Deeds* the sweet Reward.

Good *Deeds*, like *Poems*, few are worthy Praise;  
*Pride*, *Ignorance*, and *Vice* fill up our Days; *Lays*  
 While *Virtue*, *Learning*, *Merit*, *Sense*, and *Wit*,  
 Must yield to *Villains*, and to *Fools* submit.  
 Strike, *Satire*! strike; and make them feel thy Rage;  
 With *Knaves* and *Fools* eternal *War* I'll wage.

*Not Sleep in Quiet over my Sonnets*

- " When will this Fury and this raving cease?  
 " No more—be Wise—'tis Time to be at Peace.  
 " Those very Men you *Fools* and *Scribblers* call,  
 " Are *Poets* deem'd, and *Poets* prais'd by All;  
 " Your *Satire* will at best but gain you Foes,  
 " Perhaps yet worse—Thy mighty Self expose.  
 " Mend thy own Faults; how incorrect! how dull!  
 " For love of Verse you too commence a Fool.  
 " To graver Themes thy growing Genius fit,  
 " You'd shine in *Morals* where you fail in *Wit*.

If they write ill, must you too do the same?"  
 Let them who make me do so, bear the blame.

Great Faults I have, and not a few, I own;

Why Publish then?" Because, I wou'd be known.

Ambitious to atchieve a *Poet's* Name,

And rank with *Authors* of Immortal Fame;

Blest by the *Muse*, with Sense of *Glory* fir'd,

Anxious to please, and by the *God* inspir'd,

I rush for Praise:——“ Beware, rash YOUTH! Beware!

“ The Paths of *Glory* you must tread with Care.

“ A World of *Mortals* urge that Height to gain,

“ And labour up the steep Ascent with Pain.

“ How few succeed let *Observation* teach;

“ He sure must fall who soars beyond his Reach.

“ *Heroes* themselves thro' many Dangers run,

“ Before the envy'd *Prize* be safely won:

“ With strictest Care the slipp'ry *Ways* explore;

“ If once you fall, you fall, to rise no more.

“ In Days of Yore when *Britons* writ in *Prose*,

“ And not a *Verse* for *Centuries* arose,

“ Had



" Had you, alas! been born in those blest Days,  
 " And writ this *Piece*, it might have gain'd some Praise;  
 " But now, a different Fate thy *Lays* attend;  
 " For *Pope* once read, who can thy Lines commend?"

Your Thoughts are Just. But I like other Men,  
 To show my *Parts*, must trifle with my Pen;  
 Yet know, I am not *He* so vain and proud,  
 To think what e're I write, it must be good.  
 Conscious of my Weakness (which credit Sir,  
 I'm not ashamed to even here aver.)  
 To proper Men I fly for frank Advice;  
 Some give it freely, and some give it nice.  
 Some praise, some blame, some neither—save a sneer;  
 You are of All, to me, the most sincere.  
 With Care you read, with Candour you correct,  
 Explore my Errors, and my Faults detect,  
 Strict to my *Sense*, and tender of my *Fame*,  
 You praise with Judgment, and with Judgment blame.  
 Wise without Pride, and without Raptures, warm;  
 And blest with ev'ry Faculty to charm.

Impartially you censure and commend,  
 A Generous Critic in a Faithful Friend.  
 But now, a different Fate thy Lines attend;

I too my *Verses* read with nicest Care,  
 Dissect my Errors, and my Weakness bare,  
 Free from self-love, the *Whole*, I strict explore;  
 The crabbedst *Critic*, sure I can do no more.  
 I blot, I add, I alter, and refine,  
 And weigh the solid Substance of each Line.  
 That my *Design* is just, even *Foes* must own,  
 And for Defects of Wit let that atone.  
 To proper Men I fly for frank Advice;

"A pretty Plea to foil the *Critic's* Rage,  
 "And *Poets* too will in their Cause engage.  
 Not they, poor Souls! Their wanted Wit will bow,  
 'Tis far beneath a Censure or a Frown.  
 Their Judgments ask'd? It is not worth a damn;  
 And if they knew, O! how they'd maul the Man!  
 I scribble not to bribe a Partial Praise,  
 My sole Ambition is the *Wife* to please.



Let me be honour'd in succeeding Days,  
 For sacred *Precepts*, and for virtuous *Lays*,  
 Immortal PHOEBUS! It is all I ask;  
 And grant me Wisdom for the GODLIKE TASK.  
 If e're I vary from these Glorious Rules,  
 O! rank me, Heaven! with the meanest Fools.

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*Granted**The E N D.*

Let me be honour'd in succeeding Days,  
 For sacred Precepts, and for virtuous Days,  
 Immortal Praises! It is all I ask;  
 And grant me Wisdom for the Godlike Task.  
 If e'er I vary from those Glorious Rules  
 O! rank me, Heaven! with the meanest Fools.

